

New Year, I would that I might read
Your purpose through!
I wonder if you promised me
To me is true;
But while your flattery I receive,
In truth I hardly dare believe
Or trust in you.

For ah! the Year whose hoary head
Now lieth low,
Came in with smiles like yours widespread,
Twelve months ago,
And oh! the hopes so rich and rare,
That with his promises so fair
He helped me so!

But when at last the harvest came,
I gathered naught,
No golden treasure met my claim,
Tho' long I sought.
And we are glad—my heart and I—
To see at last this Old Year die,
For all he brought.

And now you come! what do you hold?
What do you bring?
What blessings are for me enrolled?

What songs to sing?
Ah, well! New Year! from day to day—
What's ever you give or take away—
Still, Hope is king!

—From the Aldine for February.

THE DIVER'S STORY.

To be caught in a tight place, with twenty fathoms of water above, and a stillness, as of death, about you, a slender cord your only means of communication with those above—to be caught in a tight place, I say, under these circumstances, is about enough to craze a man outright! I can tell you, sir—and the old diver leaned back in his chair, and fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the roaring fire before which we were seated—I can tell you, sir, it's often a toss of a penny with us, when we once get in among the timbers of an old wreck, if we ever come to the surface again.

I remember a pretty tight fix I got into when we were diving into the Conqueror, up the Sound, off the Connecticut shore. She was coming in from the Mediterranean, after a three years' cruise with the 'middles,' and went down in a gale in sight of home, with every soul on board. I was young then, and anxious to be the first sent down into her, for the sake of the reputation it would give me; for reputation meant money, and 'money, you see, was the only reason Nettie and I were deferring our marriage. You can understand how matters stood, and how glad I was when in receipt of orders to make the first dive into the old man-of-war.

The sea was running pretty high as I was carried down in my heavy armor from the deck of the steamer to the float alongside, where the ropes by which to haul me up again, were fastened on; the india-rubber tube, through which I was to be supplied with air, was adjusted, and I stood listening to my final instructions before being put overboard.

"Now, dear boy," said my old friend and instructor, Lott, the famous deep-sea diver, who came forward to close the little glass window in my helmet, "take good care of yourself, and don't stay long below. The currents are swift and treacherous about here; and keep an eye to your ropes, or they'll get tangled. Now, then, good-by, old fellow, and good luck to you;" and with a pleasant smile he closed the glass door before my eyes, and fastened over it the protecting wire netting.

They bore me up in their arms to the side of the float, where the hungry waves were leaping up, as though greedily opening their foaming frothy jaws to receive me.

I dropped into the waves with a splash, sinking swiftly down through the brilliant sunlit waters, which, though rough and boisterous at their surface, suddenly grew calm as I passed below. I glanced up at the sun, which appeared as a great ball of fire, but, growing smaller and smaller as I sank lower, it finally seemed like the tiny red spark of a candle, and then faded from sight. I noticed that the waters were lit by a pale greenish haze, much like the effect of the moonlight in a light, drifting fog; but these observations were cut short by my realizing that I was near bottom, and looking below, I found myself over a bank of tall, thick sea-weed.

Knowing that if I were once entangled in them, they would hold me there forever, I pulled the signal-rope violently, and my descent was checked just as my foot touched the treacherous grasses. The tide bore me slowly along and passed them, turning me around again and again in the eddies, and making my head so giddy that I was heartily glad when I cleared the bank and stood at last upon the bright sandy bottom. The shells and gravel on the bed of the waters were most delicate and beautiful in formation, and exquisite in design, but so tender that even shells crumbled at my touch.

I hurried on with the current until I saw before me what I judged to be the great wooden walls of the Conqueror, but on nearing it I found it to be a reef of rocks, fancifully honey-combed from end to end, and in and out among the little arched halls of these fern covered chambers the fish were chasing each other playfully or hanging idly in the waters.

Passing around these rocks, I came upon a mass of tangled rigging, and a few steps further brought me to the man-of-war half buried where she lay, in the drifting sand, her spars and top-masts crushed and splintered upon her decks; her sails and rigging hanging over the side and resting upon the broken bulkheads.

Great caution was necessary lest I should become entangled among the ropes or caught under the shifting timbers, and making my way slowly to the companionway, I sent up this signal:

"3—" "23—" "7—" "(I am about to enter the vessel)" "I shall be in danger—Play out the rope freely and give me plenty of air.)"

The Deaf=Blindes' Journal

H C Rider
MEXICO

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature." —CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1875.

NUMBER 5.

I made my way to the lower deck, and found myself in the forward cabin. It was very dark, and I groped about for the doorway, knowing that once in the main saloon, the deck-lights would enable me to see more distinctly.

I caught him, in my desperation, to fling him from me, but his arms closed tight about me in an iron embrace, and his face was close to mine—the face of old Lott, the diver, who had come down through the waters to save me, and in whose stout arms I was borne up, and carried against the waters, and resolutely entered. An awful silence was upon everything—a silence as of death. I was alone at the bottom of the sea, in the saloon of the Conqueror, and close about me were postured like grim sentinels set to watch me in my work, the officers and crew of two hundred.

Yes, there were the ill-fated men, as they stood when death overtook them on that awful night, when they were hurried from their berths on the alarm that they were sinking. Before they could reach the stairway, the mighty water had rushed in upon them, and they died where it had met them, at the threshold.

The eddying waters carried them here and there through the cabin, but still, so close were they to one another, that I had to part them now and then to reach the after cabin, and more than one turned, as I slowly passed along, and followed in the wake I made behind me. Their faces were often close against my helmet, and it horrified me to notice that they all wore still upon their features the impression of the terror that had come upon them in death.

I took his dear hands in mine, and looked into his good, honest eyes. With a swelling heart I told him in such words as I could, of my gratitude for his heroic efforts when he came down through the waters at the risk of his own life to save mine.

Henry Wilberforce Brown, Widower.

He was at the Central Station last night, in cell No. 6. He wasn't drunk, and he looked so neat and clean that a reporter was led to inquire why he was detained as a prisoner. Henry Wilberforce Brown is a widower, 63 years of age, and lives in Kent county, where he owns a farm. He arrived here on the Sunday night train for the purpose of hunting a wife, and early Monday morning he started out. He didn't intend to lose any time, but as soon as he found the right sort of a woman, meant to go to a Justice, have the knot tied and start for home.

At the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues he encountered a smart looking young girl, and he stopped her and said :

"Miss, my name is Henry Wilberforce Brown. I am the father of three children, have horses, cows, and a farm, and I want a wife. I like your appearance."

She jumped away from him and ran across the street, and he decided that she wouldn't make a good wife any way. He meandered up as far as Larred street before he saw another face that suited him, and he halted the woman and said :

"Lady, my name is Henry Wilberforce Brown, I am the father of three children, own a nice farm, have lots of money, and I want to marry. You are a mighty handsome woman, and if you will say the word, we'll go and git—"

"Sir!" she said as she stepped back; "sir! you are a drunken old fool!"

"You wouldn't suit me—too much temper!" he replied, and he waved his hand at her and passed on.

He was gazing at the City Hall when a pretty female came sailing around the corner of Michigan avenue, and the widower took off his hat, made a low bow, and as he halted and wondered who he was, he said :

"Madame, I am Henry Wilberforce Brown. I am the father of three children, have horses, cows, and a farm, and I am looking for a wife."

"Sir!" she gasped, retreating a little. "Oh! no offense, madam!" he went on. "I am looking for a wife, and perhaps you can assist me. It so, I will send you a hull lot of produce to pay for your trouble. I didn't want to marry you, because you are too stout, and I know that stout women are often as lazy as the day; but perhaps you can tell me some nice little—"

"You old wretch!" she shrieked; "you ought to be lashed to the bone with a raw hide! If I could see a potheen (looking around) I'd have you in jail in five minutes!"

Henry Wilberforce Brown was somewhat disengaged by his failures, but he concluded that patience and perseverance would bring him success before noon, and he walked around the Opera House block. He carefully noted every passing female, and it was half an hour before he found one to suit. He thought he had, perhaps, been too bold with the others, and so when he stopped this one he inquired : "Miss, you know lots of women in Detroit, don't you?"

"What?" she asked in amazement. "This is nice weather to go on a bridal tour!" he continued, giving her a powerful wine with his left eye.

She ran into a store, supposing him drunk or crazy, and after a little reflection he decided that the boldest way was the best. He would state his business frankly, and then if they didn't want to marry him, there would be no time lost. He started for the market, but on Monroe avenue he encountered another female whose face suited his idea, and he walked right up to her and said :

"Miss, I am the father of several farms,

and my name is Henry Wilberforce Brown. I own three children, several cows, and I want to find a—"

"Police!" she screamed, striking at him with her umbrella.

"Oh! no offense, madam; if you are engaged—"

"Po-lece!" she shouted, fighting him back.

"My name is Henry Wilberforce Brown," he was going on, when several men grabbed him, and an officer came running up and tore his coat-collar and flopped him around, and walked him to the station.

Thus briefly told, are the reasons why Henry Wilberforce Brown, widower, occupied cell No. 6 last night.

A Poor Girl's Hair.

A few weeks ago a young and poorly clad girl entered a barber's shop in Vienna, and told the proprietor that he must "buy her head." The friseur examined her long, glossy, chestnut locks, and began to bargain. He could give her eight gulden, and no more. Hair was plentiful this year, the price had fallen, there was less demand, and other ornaments of the choice specimens of the stone and coral formations.

Thus briefly told, are the reasons why Henry Wilberforce Brown, widower, occupied cell No. 6 last night.

In God's name, take it quickly."

The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to clinch it with his shears, when a gentleman who sat half-shaved, looking on, told him to stop.

"My child," he said, "why do you sell your beautiful hair?"

"My mother has been nearly five months ill. I cannot work enough to support us; everything has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house."

"No, no, my child, if that is the case, I will buy your hair, and will give you 100 gulden for it."

He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand, he took the longest hair, cut it off, and put it carefully in his pocket-book, thus paying 100 florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. He is only designated as the chief of a great industrial enterprise within the city.

Interview with Mark Twain.

It took some preparation to get Mr. Twain's mind to be in a condition to be interviewed. He didn't take to it naturally, though he was extremely willing.

At last, however, the interviewer got Mark's wandering attention fixed, and at they went, in good earnest.

Q. How old are you?

A. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Who do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you could never have met Aaron Burr if you are only nineteen years—

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes
of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1875.

The Journal and Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror will be sent for one year for \$1.50, post paid, to any address.

The Annals for January.

The quarterly opens with an article by J. H. Pettingell, of New York, "Language, its nature and functions," which most readers will skip and hurry on to the very practical article by Mr. H. W. Sytle on reference libraries; librarians in the various institutions will peruse this with interest and thanks to the favorite contributor. After this comes a lot of miscellany which certainly helps to fill up, but for the most part is not particularly interesting. The closing paper of the number, "John Robertson Burnet, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D.," has been expected for some time, and is a tribute to a deaf-mute whose life-work certainly deserves it. Mr. Burnet was one of those men appreciated best by the circle in which they move, though to members of the profession and deaf-mute readers generally he was by no means a stranger, and the author, poet, teacher, scholar is missed more or less all over the deaf-mute land.

Chicago Ahead!

The efforts of the deaf-mutes of Chicago to start a day school for the mutes of that city appear to have been very successful. The school was opened on the fourth of January with Mr. P. A. Emery, an intelligent semi-mute, in charge.

Notices.

There will be a service for deaf-mutes in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, Clason Ave., on Sunday Feb. 14th, at 4 p. m.

The Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association invite attendance upon a course of six lectures to be given in the Sunday School Room of St. Ann's Church, 18th St., near 5th Ave., on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock, beginning Feb. 11th. The lectures will be given by Messrs. Lloyd, Jewell, Van Tassell, Reaves, Gamage and Conklin of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

There will be a Grand Social Festival of Deaf-Mutes in the splendid new Parker Memorial Hall, cor. Berkeley and Appleton Sts., Boston, Mass., on Thursday evening, Feb. 22, 1875. The Hall will be open all night, and a grand supper will be served at 10 o'clock by Tufts, the well known caterer. Distinguished deaf-mutes and their friends have promised to be present. One and all are invited.

Tickets, including admission to the supper, \$1.50. Admission to the Hall, \$1.00.

For tickets, apply to Robert D. Livingston, 106 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Ohio Alumni Association hold a reunion at Columbus, Aug. 27th—29th, 1875. Mr. D. H. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution, will be the orator of the day. The Convention of the Empire State Association commences at Watertown on Aug. 25th, 1875. Hardly time to attend both.

Acknowledgment.

We are indebted to Mr. George W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger for a copy of the *Ledger Almanac* for 1875. It is a beautifully printed and well arranged publication, gilt edges and all that. It is a home book of reference and a treasury of useful information on local and general subjects and events, and is presented to the subscribers of the *Ledger* as an every-day companion for the year 1875.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the Albany Evening Journal Almanac for 1875, with thanks. It is reliable, admirably arranged and contains a large amount of general information as any of its kind. Single copy, 25 cents; seven copies, \$1; one hundred copies, by express, \$15. Address Weed, Parsons & Co., 39 and 41 Columbia St., Albany, N. Y.

The Deaf-Mute World.

The Deaf-Mute Mirror of Jan. 8th sends out gratis to its subscribers a finely

executed combined alphabet and calendar. It is a very handy thing to have around; our Associate keeps it posted up in his office and when any body drops in and bothers, he sends them to study the alphabet therefrom.

Charles Mead, a former pupil of the Michigan Institution, has become insane and been placed in an asylum. It is bad enough to be deaf and dumb, but to be insane in addition is horrible.

The Niles correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, sends the following to that paper:

Twelve years ago Harriet Johnson became the wife of one Jeremiah, whose last name is the same, and who is a deaf-mute. During that period she has suffered all kinds of hardships and privations at his hands, but has been too much afraid of him to appeal to law and justice. The man's actions have led people to think him insane, and the wife was persuaded a few days ago to make a complaint against him, but when the case was called before Justice Alward Wednesday she did not appear against him, and the suit was dismissed.

A correspondent writes to us to learn if a deaf boy can become a book-keeper. Certainly. Is there not a maxim of "deaf as an adder?"

The Legislatures are convening all over the country. In some states, as Louisiana and Arkansas, they are having a hard time of it. The heads of each institution for the deaf are expectant, and a few are in uncomfortable suspense. Texas, perhaps, is the most to be pitied, for her warrants on the treasury bring only thirty cents on the dollar. We expect a good deal from our Legislatures this winter. A new institution in New York, one in New Jersey, one in Pittsburgh, Pa., a day school in Chicago, etc.

The Silent World has turned over its new leaf. It is a curious leaf. See what it says of itself.

"It is larger than any other paper published for deaf-mutes." "It contains more reading matter." "It contains all the latest and most reliable news concerning deaf-mutes."

The new editor of the *Silent World* evidently hasn't been to Sunday-school for some time, or at least is rusty in the catechism. It will be well to remind him, however, that the *Silent World* is not the largest paper published for deaf-mutes, neither does it contain more reading matter, and as to giving the latest news, it certainly must be conceded the laurel for giving what news it has the latest of any other paper for the deaf. No doubt it wants to hoodwink subscribers into the belief that it is the original "old reliable," but the less said of its reliability the better.

Spotted fever is becoming prominent as a cause of deafness. Of fifty-nine pupils recently admitted to the Indiana Institution, twenty-nine became deaf from this disease.

NOTICES.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY
HENRY WINTER SYLE.

Convention of Scandinavian Educators.

There was recently held at Copenhagen a meeting similar to the conventions of American instructors of the deaf and dumb, but including also the educators of the blind and feeble-minded. These three classes are, we notice, spoken of as "Abnormal Classes." The name is new to us, and does not impress us at all more favorably than that of "Defectives," which Mr. Deshler, of New Jersey, and Mr. Sanborn, of Massachusetts, use in their official documents, but against which we protest most emphatically.

The members of the Educational Congress came from the four countries around the Baltic sea—Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark; and represented nearly all the institutions for the three classes named, in those countries. They numbered about one hundred, of whom the greater part, about sixty, came, as was natural to expect, from Denmark, the others representing the more distant northern lands.

The subjects treated of were as follows: 1. The Origin and Progress of Deaf-Mute Education in Sweden—By Director Borg, of Sweden.

2. How shall Text-books in the Christian Religion, for the Deaf and Dumb, be prepared, and in what Branches of Religious Knowledge shall Instruction be imparted?—By Pastor Alopaus, of Finland.

3. Does not the Character of the Training at present given to the Abnormal Classes, really impede their Moral and Physical Development?—By Director Faelkenborg, of Sweden.

4. Exhibition of a Flame-Apparatus for producing visible representations corresponding to different sounds.

5. How shall a Holiday at a Deaf-Mute Institution be spent?—By Pastor Alopaus.

6. Have we reached the Limit?—By Director Keller, of the Articulation School, Copenhagen.

7. The distinction between true Deaf-Mutes and those not properly so called.—By Director Hansen of the Royal Institution, Copenhagen.

The next two and last papers related to the expense of educating and providing for the Blind, and to their instruction in music. Only the titles of the first, second and fifth papers are given in the *Organ*. We shall soon give an abstract of what we find on the other topics. Our friends seem to have had as agreeable a time in the capital of Denmark, as we enjoyed at Belleville. They surpassed us in one respect, however, for the Congress had a poet among its members—

Director Keller who produced a number of songs, some serious, others highly humorous, which were sung at the opening and closing ceremonies.

Industrial Homes for Deaf-Mute Females.

The establishment with the above name at Copenhagen, and the *Skyddshemmet* or Asylum at Carliskrona, in Sweden, which we observe mentioned among the Scandinavian institutions, are, we presume, for the purpose of giving a home to women who, however able and willing to work, find it impossible to support themselves without help.

It is worth notice that such establishments are to be found in Protestant countries, like Sweden, Denmark and England—where there is one at Chapman, near London. They are therefore not solely due to the Romaniot preference of a celibate, convent life for unprotected females, which before the time of De l'Epee sent deaf and dumb girls into the numeraries, and afterwards led to the foundation of a Home in Paris to receive them immediately on leaving school. Their existence throughout Europe, contrasted with the absence of any need for them here (for the Home at New York is only for the aged and the infirm, who cannot work,) indicates that there is greater difficulty in women supporting themselves there. This is probably due to the lower social position women occupy abroad. In Germany it is not uncommon to see a woman and a dog harnessed together, drawing a heavily loaded cart to market, while the husband walks alongside, or when the load has been sold, rides home. In England there is a great excess of labor of all kinds, and the number of women is much greater than that of men.

Our lady readers may well be glad they live in this favored land. We agree!

Institutions in Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark.

We find in connection with the report of the Educational Congress at Copenhagen, a complete list of the institutions of various kinds in the four countries named above, from which we select those which are wholly or in part devoted to the deaf and dumb.

In Norway—at Bergen, Christiania, Christianssand, and Drontheim—four.

In Sweden—at Carliskrona, Goteborg, Hermosond, Hjortord, and Lund; besides two—at Stockholm and at Haga near Goteborg—which are distinguished by the name *Tysta Skolan*, "Silent School" though we are not told in what respects they differ from the others. There are also institutions for the deaf and dumb and the blind, at Fredericksburg and at Manilla, near Stockholm; one for deaf-mutes and idiots, at Stromsholm; and an Asylum (*Skyddshemmet*) for adult deaf and dumb females, at Carliskrona—in all eleven.

In Finland—at Abo, Borga, and Pedersöre, near Kuopio—three.

In Denmark, there are four, all at Copenhagen, viz., the Royal Institution, and Mr. Keller's school, the latter of which does, and the former does not pay particular attention to articulation throughout the course; an establishment for deaf-mute and feeble-minded children of the higher ranks; and an Industrial Home for females.

New Institution at Adelaide, South Australia.

The committee which last summer undertook the establishment of an institution for the deaf and dumb and the blind, at Adelaide, in South Australia, have proceeded very judiciously, and we are happy to learn that their efforts have been crowned with well-deserved success. They first set about collecting sufficient funds. The sum of \$15,000 was raised by private subscriptions, chiefly through the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Townsend, and an equal amount was granted by the government. It would then have been easy for the committee to have the necessary buildings erected; but they felt it would be unwise to delay operations for eighteen months or two years, while waiting for the completion of the buildings, and accordingly endeavored to obtain a temporary home at once. The property long known as the "Grace Darling Hotel," at Brighton, was finally secured.

Mr. Samuel Watson, Superintendent of the institution at Sydney, was then requested to visit the colony, with a view of inaugurating the new institution, while steps were taken to engage a permanent superintendent. We understand that inquiries have been made in America as well as in England, but with what result we are as yet unable to state. Meantime the \$30,000 is lying at interest.

A Milford (Pa.) correspondent of the Port Jervis *Union*, furnished the following:

A very interesting ceremony took place in this village on Tuesday morning last at 8 A. M., it being the occasion of the marriage of two mutes, one of whom was the daughter of Mr. Jervis Gordon, of this place, the other being the son of Mr. Richard Merrill, of Lower Mount Bethel, Northampton county, Pa. The happy pair started immediately after the ceremony for the home of the groom's father in Mount Bethel. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. E. F. Bischof, of this place, and Mr. Peter Witschie, of Port Jervis, the latter acting as interpreter. The bride received some very beautiful presents, for which she returned her thanks to the generous givers.

EN QUAD.

Milford, Jan. 18.

Wedding of Deaf-Mutes.

A Milford (Pa.) correspondent of the Port Jervis *Union*, furnished the following:

A hermit about 32 years old has been found in a dense forest, on a mountain near Wilkesbarre, Pa., who will not give his name, but says that being a South Carolinian, he went through the war as a Confederate soldier, and that his father and two brothers were killed in the same service.

He has traveled through the country for several months, but being unable to get employment, has retired to the forest to live on crackers and dried beef, at a cost of fifteen cents a day, rather than beg. He expects to leave the forest in the spring, if he is alive.

Very few persons have any idea of the magnitude of the canals of this State.

The structures on all the canals are five hundred and sixty-five locks, two thousand and two hundred and sixty lock-gates, two hundred and eighty lock-houses, ninety-six aqueducts, fifteen hundred bridges, four hundred and forty culverts, one hundred and fifty waste-weirs, sixty-four dams and twenty-five work shops; while if both banks of the canals were stretched out in a continuous line, they would be two hundred miles longer than the Pacific railroad from Omaha to San Francisco.

The Utica Herald adds the following to the record of itinerant scamps:

A swindler is about town selling common soap in small pieces, wrapped in tissue paper, perfumed, and claimed to be good for chapped hands. The fellow pretends to be deaf and dumb, and makes pretense to talk. He can ask for whisky plainly and other things to perfection when not attempting to swindle.

The great London preacher, Spurgeon, replies as follows to an invitation to come to the United States to lecture: It is not possible for me to leave my work except for a short interval to rest. I have no one to occupy my pulpit, preside over my church, look after the college, govern the orphanage, superintend the colporteurs, edit the magazine, etc. I must keep my

hand on the oar till I die. I see no hope

of my visiting America, as much as I

would like to greet my brethren there.

Compensation is not an item of consideration.

Nothing, indeed, would compensate my conscience, if I left my work

and any harm came of it. I know within

a little what I can do, and I feel that I

cannot conscientiously attempt a work

in America to which I am not called, to

the injury of that which now engrosses

all my time and every faculty I possess.

Minor Topics.

There are estimated to be in the

United States at the present time about

750,000 white men who can neither read

nor write.

The project for the establishment of

a state railroad commission is again agi-

tated in Albany, and with some prospect

of success.

France publishes 1,316 newspapers,

New York Institution Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Last November, when a few cases of small-pox broke out among the pupils, it was decided to separate them from the sick in the common hospital belonging to the Institution. So the Mansion House, which is a large building on the grounds of the institution property, but some distance from the institution, was converted into a hospital for those suffering from the small-pox. Then the little boys who live there and go to school there, were all brought down to the institution together with their teachers and officers. The whole upper floor of the institution, which had been left vacant by the resignation of several of the teachers last year, was arranged as bed-rooms and school-rooms for the little boys, thus keeping them separate from the other pupils. Then the arrangements for the hospital at the Mansion house made it necessary to have some one there who could hear and speak, and at the same time understand how to talk to the deaf-mutes. So an experienced nurse was sent there from the institution, and Mrs. Rice, the matron of the Mansion house, remained to act as matron and housekeeper for the sick. And Miss Lavery, one of the housekeepers at the institution, volunteered at once to go and help take care of the sick at the Mansion house. Her long connection with the institution as housekeeper, has made her well acquainted with the pupils, and her many noble qualities of heart and mind have endeared her to all, so that no one could be better fitted to fill the post which she so nobly volunteered to discharge. She has had some experience in the sick room also, for she volunteered to take care of the pupils when they had the fever a few years ago, and many will remember her with gratitude and love. Now she has passed through more than most of us can ever imagine, and through it all she kept up her gentle, cheerful manner, and all that have been under her long care testify to her many acts of kindness which did so much to lighten their sufferings and make smooth the pathway to the grave, soothing them by her gentle ministrations, when none but God was near and none but God could tell the extent of their sufferings, for their lips were sealed and their ears were closed to all earthly sounds. But they have passed away from earth, and now, we trust, are with Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And they, who never heard the voice of earthly friends, now hear and join in the songs of angels. And it must be a sweet consolation to Miss Lavery to know that she did all she could for them in their last hours.—After spending nine weeks at the Mansion house hospital, it was decided that it was no longer necessary for her to remain there, as all the sick, except those who died, had recovered, two only being sick enough to remain till they are entirely well. On Friday, January 15th, Miss Lavery and her room-mate, Miss Butler, who had been sick, were both invited to return, and as soon as the teachers and officers heard of it, they resolved to give them a warm reception; so at seven o'clock in the evening of the 15th, they all assembled in the main hall at the given signal, namely, the beating of drums. Then Mrs. H. P. Peet, the matron, took the lead with lighted candle in hand, while the rest, each with a lighted taper, marched in order, one by one, to Miss Lavery's room, where she and her room-mate, Miss Butler, had gone, and were quietly enjoying the happiness of once more being at home. At last, when all had entered the room, which, though a large one, was crowded, the speaking teachers and officers, led by Dr. Porter and Mrs. Peet sang Home Again, and Home, Sweet Home, and the Star Spangled Banner. Miss Lavery and Miss Butler were both deeply affected, even to tears, but they were tears of joy. After the refreshments had been passed around, the deaf-mutes and speaking teachers each entertained the company with speeches, stories, &c. The dumb orator was played to perfection, Mr. Little speaking a funny piece with his hands clasped behind him while Mr. Westervelt stood behind him and translated the speech in signs as if it were Mr. Little's hands and arms moving, and the effect was most amusing. After passing a very pleasant hour or so they all separated for the night, leaving Miss Lavery to the pleasant reflection that her labor of love was not in vain, and that she had many warm friends who appreciated her noble qualities, and were glad to be able to welcome her once more among them.

On Saturday, Jan. 24th, the teachers and officers of the institution, together with Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, and Miss Walter, gave the accomplished wife of the Principal, Dr. I. L. Peet, a surprise party. The arrangements were kept a profound secret from the fair recipient until the auspicious moment, and it was indeed a success in every way. After the necessary preliminaries were satisfactorily completed the merry party proceeded to the beautiful home of the fortunate lady, and found her sitting, quite unconscious of their intentions, holding her child in her arms. I think none who participated in the view of that beautiful home picture will ever forget it. The guests entered the room one by one, and one lady stepping behind her, laid her hand on her shoulder and kissed her, when, turning to see who it could be, Mrs. Peet beheld to her surprise and astonishment a party of ladies surrounding her. Then placing her child in the hands of another lady, she rose to welcome and receive her friends. In a few moments all were busily engaged in conversation, and during the rest of the evening were entertained by sweet music, games and refreshments, the latter being furnished by the ladies and gentlemen of the surprise party. All went

merry as the marriage bell, until the witching hour of twelve, when the party broke up, and the guests departed after bidding their hostess an affectionate good night, all feeling better and happier for their evening's enjoyment. C.

Indiana Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Last week is gone, but many things, which it has painted on the pages of time, are worthy of enduring memory. Somebody was born. Somebody died. Somebody spent its fleeting moments well and wisely, and somebody chanted the ribald song of the giddy, thoughtless fool. Somebody gave the distressed and needy a loaf of bread and a cup of cold coffee in the name of the great Master, and somebody, although rich, gave the half-starved and half-clad wretch a cold potato and then a snowballing. And somebody (a poor insane person) applied to the State authorities for an appropriation to keep him. And somebody maliciously wagged his villainous and viper tongue to the prejudice and serious injury of his innocent neighbor or associate. So went by last month, last year and the last fifty years.

He who loves Wisdom's ways, must give his attention (some) to the experience and teaching of the past.

We have many knowing individuals who knew we were going to have a cold snap which would continue long, but they said nothing to us about it, and we took time by the fore top and had one of our ice-houses filled almost up to the roof with three-inch ice, which, though it is as expensive to get in as any eight-inch ice, will not do for such weather as we have here in summer.

There is, therefore, very little profit or consolation in having wise men among us, unless they give the public the benefit of their superior knowledge "gratis." The poor man prefers exchanging consultation and advice even with the man of superior intellect.

The State of Indiana is morally cleaner than it was about a month ago. George W. Parker, a notorious desperado, was hurled into eternity by a locomotive. He was a deaf-mute and received education at the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It is said that he was a murderer, a thief, a burglar, &c., and he had been put in jail several times, for various other crimes.

The Indiana Legislature has been sitting since the 7th inst., and has done more in such a short space than any in previous sitting. One new trustee has been elected.

Rabbits abound in the orchard and the surrounding fields here, and one of the boys, whose initials are J. E. M., set four traps by which he caught a number of them.

The snow is gone now and the feverish has abated in the boys, for they have caught or attempted to catch no more since the snow disappeared.

AARON.

Indianapolis, Jan. 25, 1875.

Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On the 11th inst., Mr. A. S. Clark accompanied our principal, Mr. E. C. Stone, to New York in order to learn the German mode of teaching the dumb to speak. The day following Mr. Stone proceeded on to Washington, D. C., he being one of the Committee appointed by the teachers' Association. Mr. Clark having scanned the German system of teaching mutes, paid a visit to the New York Institution. As he entered the spacious hall, he was at a loss to measure its height and breadth, comparing himself he was but a nut in a bushel. But he was well entertained.

Now we are having preliminary examinations and hope we shall be through next week. Then we shall push on with renewed vigor to the close of the term. Young people all over town are enjoying coasting. They have pig sticks and double rippers; the deaf-mutes are not far behind the speaking children, for as far as pecuniary resources allow they provide themselves with sleds, double rippers, and even the poorer class will join in the sport with planks and boards.

On the 20th inst., the deaf-mute graduates about town met on the Asylum grounds to enjoy coasting. Then there was quite a sliding carnival. The party were not all youths, for many of them were married. Among the pleasure seekers was grandmother Gallaudet. This old lady availed herself of the sport on a double riper and the party went swiftly down the inclining plain without being thrown over. It must be remembered that grandmother Gallaudet is in her seventy-seventh year, and it was the second time that she had ever enjoyed coasting since her wedded life. She said then that she felt as though she were only forty years of age.

Several hours were spent in coasting, that fine moonlight evening. Some of the party were thrown off a riper by the sudden turning of the leading sled, and they lay on either side of the way. Rising they went on enjoying the fun. One double riper broke down with a party of six, but no harm to themselves was done.

The party, on entering the house of Mr. P. Slocum, found the table spread with a nice collation. They assembled around the family board and drank the health of grandmother Gallaudet. Several joyful speeches having been made, the party left for their homes, and will doubt ever remember the occasion with pleasure.

Mr. W. L. Bird, who had been confined to his bed several weeks, is about again, and he was with the coasting party.

The general health of the pupils here is good; only colds are prevalent.

Mr. F. A. Spofford is at Bluehill, Maine. Perhaps he is staying there in order to become weather beaten. He is a descendant of Count Spofford, who came to this country, having been ban-

ished from France during the reign of Charles the Tenth.

OLD HICKORY.
Hartford, Jan. 21, 1875.

Disastrous Fire.

THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION AT
BERKELEY ENTIRELY DESTROYED—
THE INMATES ALL SAVED.

(From the California, Jan. 18.)

OAKLAND, January 17th.—The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute was totally destroyed by fire this evening. The children were all saved unharmed. The fire broke out in the roof from sparks from the kitchen chimney, and the flames spread with such rapidity that there was no opportunity to save much of the furniture. The discovery of the burning roof was made about ten minutes past four o'clock, and the Superintendent, Mr. Wilkinson, and his assistants, at once set to work to remove the children, of whom there were between ninety and one hundred. These were taken temporarily into the workshops, and subsequently removed to comfortable quarters in the houses of neighboring families, to the University boarding-house and to McClure's Military Academy. The children were without head covering and used bed spreads instead of hats. The flames were visible in Oakland, and the report that the Institute was on fire created a great deal of excitement. Hundreds of people went out on the cars and in private conveyances of all kinds for the purpose of rendering assistance. The Superintendent received offers of shelter and assistance for the children from all sides, as great anxiety was felt on behalf of the unfortunate. About half an hour after the fire broke out the roof fell in and soon after the entire wood-work of the building was one solid mass of flames. The stone walls remained standing until about half-past six o'clock, when one after another they toppled over and fell. Some of the shops were burned.

MARRIED:

Jan. 19th, 1875, at the residence of the bride's parents, Milford, Pa., by Rev. E. F. Bisbee, Mr. Oscar Merrill, of Lower Mount Bethel, Pa., to Miss E. Gordon, of Milford, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill are both graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

News of the Week.

In the Senate, Thursday, the committee on privileges and elections decided to recognize the Kellogg government.

The Secretary of the Navy has signed the contract with Vinnie Ream for a statue of Farragut.

Advices from China say that a grandson of Prince Tin, uncle of the deceased Emperor, will probably succeed to the throne.

The death of the Emperor of China is confirmed; the empress, overcome with grief, committed suicide; a three-year old son of the seventh prince is the new emperor, and the empress' mother regent.

The steamer Lady of the Lake, running between Norfolk, Va., and Washington, was burned to the water's edge at her wharf, at Norfolk. The steamer

was valued at \$80,000.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. Severn D. Moulton, the mother of Francis D. Moulton, were performed, Thursday afternoon, at her late residence, No. 580 Lexington avenue.

The Richmond county surrogate's office was robbed of \$10,000 Friday night; two safes were blown to pieces.

Adams' Express Company, New York, has been robbed of \$35,000 of South Carolina, Virginia and Missouri bonds; the manner of the robbery has not been known.

At Westchester, Pa., last week, Charles Williams was tried for libel against a clergyman; he testified that he had written a story he knew to be false for a New York paper just to create a sensation; he was found guilty.

The royal troops in the north of Spain are carrying on a concerted series of operations against the Carlists, which have thus far met with general success. Alfonso XII. has been recognized by the Court of St. Petersburg.

The Minnesota Legislature by resolution has informed William S. King that he must appear before the Pacific Mail committee to vindicate himself or resign.

The public debt statement shows an increase of \$1,397,870.21 for January, and an increase of \$907,931.13 since June 30, 1874.

Twenty patients are missing from the Beaufort Asylum, Quebec, recently burned; two bodies have been found in the ruins.

NEW HAVEN.

A joint teachers' association of the towns of Scriba and New Haven was held at Scriba Centre, January 30.

Owing to the bad roads and inclemency of the weather, many of the teachers were absent, as was also Com. Marsh. However, the association was quite a success, being spiced with brilliant and witty remarks, select reading, singing, &c. The election of secretary and executive committee of each town for the ensuing year, being the last in order, they separated with smiling faces and happy hearts, hoping that the next association might be as interesting and edifying as the present one had been.

The graded school in this place is flourishing finely under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Coats, in the senior, and Miss Carrie Dickinson in the primary department.

The total number of scholars is 90, who all seem well pleased with their teachers, and are making rapid progress in their studies.

W. W.

New Haven, Feb. 1, 1875.

—Rev. James A. Skinner, formerly of this town, and a brother of Hon. T. W. Skinner, who is greatly interested in the cause of Foreign Missions, is preparing a series of Sunday-school missionary lesson leaves, called Leaves of Healing. The plan is to take the lesson of each month which is best adapted to the purpose and "develop its instruction with special reference to the conquest of the world for Christ." Some of these have already been distributed. Price four dollars per hundred copies for one year. Address Rev. James A. Skinner, 468 Case avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

MYSTERY OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

The building being wholly of stone, with slate roofing, its burning is yet to be explained. There were no fires in the building, the whole being heated by hot air, conveyed through tubing to registers. With thoughtful care for the health of the afflicted pupils of the institution, not only were the rooms provided with pleasure.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

PARISH.

The famous Plantation Minstrels of this town held two exhibitions the past week, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at Slawson's Hall. Both exhibitions were excellent, and there was exhibited a great variety of talent. The African was exhibited to a dot. We had songs, plays and music. The stump speeches of both evenings brought down the house. These speeches alluded to most everything that was going on here and elsewhere. Louisiana matters were portrayed. Compulsory education took a dash. Grangers were ridiculed, because, after paying a good sum to be a granger, they were going to purchase tobacco for 74 cents a pound instead of 75, as heretofore. We were told that the brave boy who stood on the "burning deck" was no less than Jerome M., of this place, going through here, lightning speed, on a snow plow. Julius M., Friday Hawk, and Oliver N., were called great poets—a worthy tribute from a punster. Glowing tributes were also paid to several other worthies. The stump specifier, who was about four feet five inches high, aspired to be as elevated as our worthy deputy sheriff, Bill DeWolf, and the Postmaster took a few doses of exaltation from this worthy and sun (cork) burnt troupe. Your humble correspondent of this town, even, had to take a few rags from these immortals. He was characterized as recommending to a doctor one of the meanest tramps that ever trod shoe leather, as just such a person a gentleman would like. Space fails us to name all of the singular acts, trite sayings and life representations of these grand performers of modern times. They must be seen and heard to be fully appreciated. They are not going to hide their talents under a bushel, but are going to other places to let their light shine, and may it shine resplendently.

There was a masquerade party at Captain Boyd's last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Helen Nutting, teacher in the primary department of our school, is sick.

The place has been supplied by Miss Marietta Norton of the branch school.

W. G. Baxter, Esq., is teaching in Miss Norton's place.

ODD.

Parish, Feb. 1, 1875.

Railroads.

The Utica Observer says: The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad shows an increase of net earnings for the year of a little over \$38,000. This road has made combinations which will make it the fourth in importance in the State and add very largely to its revenue. The old line of road ran from Rome to Ogdensburg, with one branch to Oswego, another to Cape Vincent at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where connection is made by ferry to Kingston, Canada, and another to Potsdam, on the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain railroad; although running through a rather cold country, the low cost of the road has enabled the Company to pay dividends as high as ten per cent. for many years. The failure of the Ontario Shore Railroad Company in its attempts to build a line along the shore of Lake Ontario, from Oswego to Lewiston and Niagara Falls, enabled the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Company to purchase for about a million of dollars a line on which about three millions and a half had been expended.

This line, when completed in October next, will only stand the company in about \$20,000 per mile, including equipments and real estate.

DO YOU STAMP YOUR CHECKS?

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Hon. John Douglass, has recently instructed all Supervisors under his authority in the States and Territories to cause an examination to be made of the various banks and private banking houses, with a view to ascertaining to what extent, if any, the duty upon checks, orders for money, and sight drafts on banks, bankers and trust companies—the only objects or articles now liable to such duty in schedule B—is evaded. Persons drawing, receiving or paying checks, should bear in mind that each and all are liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for omitting to stamp such papers, and the same if they neglect to cancel the stamp by writing the initials of the name of the person making the check, and the date of the cancellation. This cannot be done by using a ribbon stamp, but may be done by puncturing the stamp or driving a portion of it into the paper with a cutting stamp. Postal stamps are not available for the payment of this duty.

Distribution of Public School Fund.

Schools hereabout receive the following amounts of the public school funds as distributed by the regents of the university: Valley Seminary—for instruction of common school teachers, \$280.38; for free instruction, \$72; residue of previous appropriations, \$159.97. Mexico Academy—Instruction of teachers, \$260.77; free instruction, \$132; residue of previous appropriations, \$432.89. Pultaski Academy—Instruction of teachers, \$375; free instruction, \$520; residue of previous appropriations, \$1,101.03. Oswego High School—Free instruction, \$376.80; residue of previous appropriations, \$310.55. Sandy Creek Union School—Free instruction, \$46; residue of previous appropriations, \$169.38.

THE PHILADELPHIA LEDGER.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that a Syracuse man, who has thirteen daughters, says he has paid for enough wire in the form of hair pins to equip a respectable telegraph line.

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The New York Herald says that a

man who borrows a paper is always the man to find fault with its contents.</p

A Kindly Deed.

A kindly deed
Is a little seed,
That growth all unseen;
And lo! when none
Do look thereon,
Anew it springeth green.

A friendly look
It is a better book;
For precept than you'll find
'Mong the sages wise,
Or the libraries,
With their priceless wealth of mind.

The little dole
Of a human soul,
In all sincereness given,
Is like the wings
Of the lark, as it springs,
Singing clear to the gate of heaven.

Sunday Magazine.

The Wonders of the Grave.

The tomb of Edward the First, who died in 1307, was opened January 2, 1770, after 463 years had elapsed. His body was almost perfect. Canute (the Dane), who crossed over to England in 1017, was found in 1776 by the workmen who repaired Winchester Cathedral, where his body had reposed nearly 750 years, perfectly fresh. In 1569 three Roman soldiers, fully equipped with warlike implements, were dug out of a bed of peat in Ireland, where they had lain probably 1,500 years. Their bodies were perfectly fresh and plump.

In the reign of James II. of England, after the fall of the church at Astley, in Warwickshire, there was taken up the corpse of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who was buried there the 10th of October, 1530, in the twenty-second year of Henry VIII.; and although it had lain there seventy-eight years, the eyes, hair, flesh, nails, and joints remained as though it had been but newly buried.

Robert Braybrook, who was consecrated Bishop of London in 1381, and who died in 1404, and was buried in St. Paul's, was taken out of the tomb after the great fire in 1666, during the repairs of the cathedral, and although he had lain there no less than 262 years, his body was found firm as to the skin, hair, joints, and nails.

Pietro Rodriguez, a Portuguese jeweler, while pursuing his occupation in the city of Mexico, was, in 1595, accused before the tribunal of the inquisition, and after suffering a variety of tortures, was condemned to be buried alive in a vault in the Convent de St. Domingo, in that city. He was then 38 years old. The Convent de St. Domingo was lately demolished in search of treasure supposed to be concealed there, and the body of Rodriguez taken out of the vault exactly as when placed there 270 years before. His daughter, two and a half years of age, was lying under her father's feet, and as well preserved as himself. The evidences of torture on the body of the jeweler are fearfully apparent. In one respect, however, the appearance does not coincide with the record which we have given. The miserable man must have died in the hands of his tormentors. The position of his hands shows that he was suspended by the body and neck until he died. Marks of the cord and of the burning iron were deeply recorded on various parts of the body. His hair and beard were firm, his skin natural in hue and texture, without the least trace of decomposition in any part.—N. Y. Sun.

At Indianapolis recently the family of a dying man quarreled so fiercely about a will be was about to sign that the police had to interfere to restore order.

It is said that the Norwegian landscape painter, Conrad Hock, has after years of patient study founded a new art, "pinakoplastik," which is a practical combination of painting and sculpture. The figures are formed to a great extent from Cork, which makes the pictures more durable than paintings.

When they tried to force Miss Gay, of Independence, Missouri, into a marriage against her will, she kicked the minister's hat off, knocked the young man down, and rode off on a mule, with one foot on each side of him.

The Emperor of China died on the 17th ult. It is not yet certain who will succeed to the throne.

"What are you after, my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was sliding along a room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it; he wants him to think he's out."

Witness this from the London Times: It is desired to place two young ladies, aged 12 and 14, very strong and healthy, under a lady who approves of and will thoroughly and duly administer the birch rod. Terms most liberal. Address F. G., Post-office, Hamden, Middlesex.

Down in Texas the lowest available piece of money is the five cent nickel coin, and the price of small things is therefore correspondingly high. The Galveston News, alluding to the subject, raises a cry for a circulation of one, two and three cent pieces in its neighborhood.

In a gentleman's house in Hartford, Conn., there is now lying very sick an old servant woman, 60 years of age, who has worked all her life for \$1 a week and her board, and her savings, put into the bank, amount to between \$6,000 and \$7,000.

Facts and Fancies.

Voice of the night—Cats.
A child's kingdom—Lapland.
Short crops—Convict's hair.
Relative beauty—A pretty cousin.
The "panel game"—Getting a jury.
What the barber said when his wife fell down stairs—Razor.
Stepping down and out—He who is hanged.
Old Grumpy's Definition—Perpetual motion—A lady's tongue.

When I tell him he hates flattery, he says he does, being then most flattered.

The brave man wishes to die at his post and be remembered for faithful work.

Josh Billings says: "Few enjoy a good reputashun, giv publicly and sted privately."

An Eastern debating society is trying to settle which is the hardest to keep, a diary or an umbrella.

Misers now and then manage to get up a feast of reason, but their flow of soul is not a success.

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Blodg of his grocer. "Yes," was the candid reply, "there's millions in it."

The California State Prison has 1,800 inmates. Of these 100 are under 21, and 241 under 26 years of age.

An English wag asserts that machinery is the most modern of all things, since it almost always travels in cog.

When a bit of ostrich feather is found by a wife in her husband's beard no one can blame her for being down on them paid up."

A Western paper is dead. In its last gasp it faintly whispered, "Two hundred subscribers, and only thirty one of them paid up."

A young man in the country announces that he will give a chromo to the young lady who will take him for better or worse.

A Washington dentist advertises for the front tooth of a girl 14 years old. Will pay liberally and replace artistically.

A woman who was divorced and resumed her maiden name at Belfast, in the forenoon, the other day, was married again before night.

A little girl upon her return from a children's party, being asked if she had a good time, replied, "Yes, but there wasn't much boys there."

The current copper cent is a convenient measure of length when rules are not present; four of them placed edge to edge measure just three inches.

A Rochester (N. Y.) scientist recently dined with several friends, including two or three ladies, upon a nine-year-old rattlesnake, the flesh of which is said to have tasted like an eel.

A Connecticut genius has invented a self-opening coffin, with telegraphic alarm attachment, for the convenience of those who come to life after they are buried.

A cake of ice sawed out by an Iowa man had frozen in it a bass, which is described as being perfect to the end of its fins, and having the appearance of swimming.

During the nine months of 1874, of which statistics have been published, there was a large decrease in the consumption of spirituous liquors in Ireland.

The Rev. Miss Haines, of Hallowell, officiated as chaplain in the Main Senate Saturday, being the first woman that ever acted in that capacity in the Legislature.

A number of the old wooden line of battle ships in the British navy, are in course of being broken up. The men employed are paid \$2.50 gold per ton for their work.

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was purchased, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring: "What is the good of a horse till it's broke?"

The fastest railroad time on record is said to have been made not long since on the New York Central Railroad by a special train, which carried a party of officials from Rochester to Syracuse, 81 miles in 61 minutes.

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorable, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather Charley should divide it."

It is understood that the Pope's golden rose will be bestowed this year on Queen Marie, the mother of King Louis II. of Bavaria, whose recent conversion to the Roman Catholic faith created so much excitement in the religious world.

Bags got up too early one morning, and began to scold the servant girl. His little six-year old, who had been listening attentively during the conversation, broke in with, "Father, stop scolding; you needn't think that Jane's your wife."

AMERICANS ARE A NATION OF DYSPERTICS.—We live fast, dissipate and fill early graves. We drink all kinds of alcoholic spirits, and swallow, without mastication, pork, grease, and every kind of life-destroying, system-clogging, indigestible food. DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS will remove the evil effects, and the recovered patient, with pure, vitalized electrical blood flowing through his veins, will have a clearer head and a cooler judgement, which added to experience, will cause him to abstain in the future.

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The Weekly World one year, \$1.

An extra copy to a get-up of club of ten.

The Semi-weekly to get-up of club of twenty.

The Daily to get-up of club of fifty.

All the news of the past seven days is given in the weekly edition of the New York World, Wednesday, with additional news, special features prepared expressly for it. The Grandjean department gives each week the latest news of the order and of the Patrons. The agricultural department presents latest reports of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, letters from practical agriculturists, full reports of the World's Fair, the news of the meetings of the Agricultural Society, and interesting discussions of profitable farming.

Advertisers are invited to make the Semi-Weekly World their medium for the publication of their business.

The Semi-Weekly World, one year, \$2.

An extra copy to get-up of club of ten.

The Daily to get-up of club of fifty.

The Semi-Weekly contains, (Tuesdays and Fridays) all the contents of the Weekly, one or two first-rate Novels, during the year, and all the cream of the Daily World.

Orders can be left at B. S. Stone & Co's Hardware Store, Mexico, N. Y.

Mexico, Jan. 19, 1875. 12

THE
Engine Washer.

Having used the Engine Washer, we can say truly that it affords much better service than any other machine we have known. Its advantage over every other machine is, that it is SELF-WORKING. A woman has only to wet her clothes, and lay them in the boiler on the engine, and the steam does the rubbing and boiling.

What it Saves:

SAVES TIME.
SAVES LABOR.
SAVES WOOD.
SAVES SOAP.
SAVES Wear of Clothing

MRS. J. T. HEWITT,
MRS. M. F. IRISH,
MRS. LEWIS MILLER,
MRS. DR. KUNDELL,
MRS. J. M. HOOD,
MRS. JOHN BERRY,
MRS. S. R. ORVIS,
MRS. D. HOLMES.

Overs can be left at B. S. Stone & Co's Hardware Store, Mexico, N. Y.

Mexico, Jan. 19, 1875. 12

TO THE PUBLIC.

LATE OF THE FIRM OF R. GORDON & CO., OF

Oswego, has opened a

DRUGSTORE.

THOMAS HENDERSON,

DRUGSTORE.

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